

Sumitra

Love me truly'-by not
making your
love extravagant; for truth
can afford
to be simple,

Vikram

I do not understand
woman's heart.

Sumitra

King, if you thriftlessly
squander
your all upon me, then I shall
be
deprived.

Vikram

No more vain words, Queen.
The
birds' nests are silent with
love. Let
lips keep guard upon lips, and
allow
not words to clamour.

(Enters ATTENDANT.)

Attendant

The minister begs audience,
to dis-
cuss a grave matter of state.